

**COWBOY** No. 27

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

# WESTERN

**COMICS**

*Starring*  
**SUNSET  
CARSON**

10¢  
F.P.I.



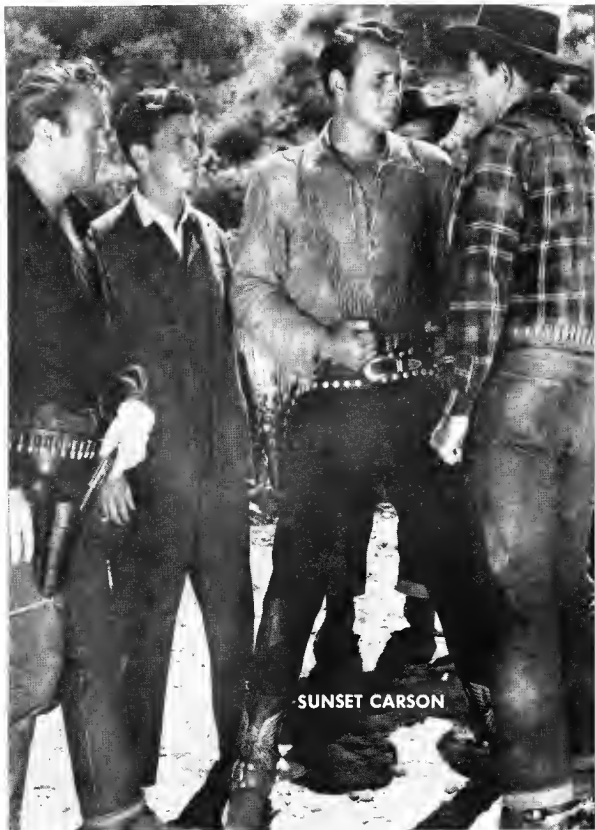
**Sunset Carson  
Rides Again  
The Black Bandit  
Saga of 2-Gun Garry**





WEB COMIC  
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**SUNSET CARSON**

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# "Sunset CARSON RIDES AGAIN"

Starring  
★ SUNSET CARSON ★  
and his horse-CACTUS JR.

Co-Starring  
★ BOB WADE  
★ PAT STARLING as JOAN  
★ BOB CASON as WEBSTER  
★ STEPHEN KEYES as MURDOCK

CHAR. MATHIAS  
DINO REID

**T**HROWN FROM HIS HORSE, BOB WADE, A YOUNG EASTERNER STUMBLES HIS WAY HOPELESSLY BACK ACROSS A SWELTERING DESERT... **S**UDDENLY-

WATER!

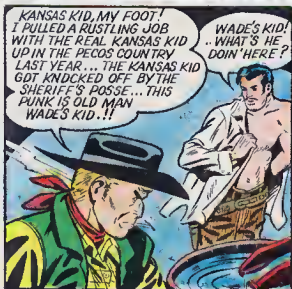
**W**HILE ROUNDING UP SOME OF HIS CATTLE STRAYS THAT HAVE WANDERED INTO THE DESERT, SUNSET CARSON FINDS THE POISONED BOY...

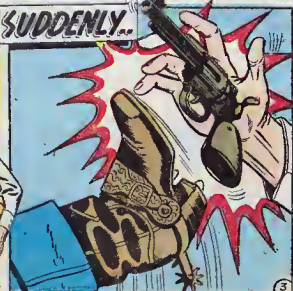
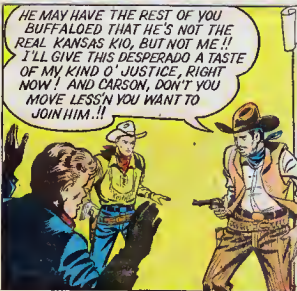
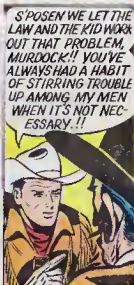
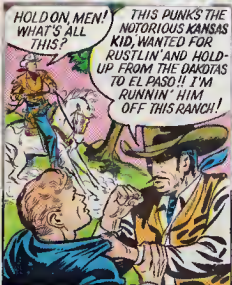
TAKE IT EASY, KID... YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT ONCE WE GET TO MY RANCH...

I-I DIDN'T SEE THE SIGN..!!

BY MORNING THE LAD WILL BE COMING OUT OF HIS DELIRIUM... I'VE GIVEN HIM A GOOD ANTIDOTE... LUCKY YOU FOUND HIM WHEN YOU DID, SUNSET!

THANKS FOR PULLING HIM THROUGH, DOC...





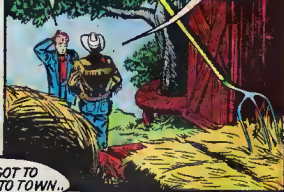


NOW GET UP AND PACK YOUR KIT AND CABOOOLE, MURDOCK... WHEN YOU PULLED THAT GUN, YOU JUST GAVE YOUR LAST ORDER AS FOREMAN ON THIS RANCH... NOW MOVE!

YOU AIN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME YET, CARSON!

GUESS I OWE YOU ANOTHER THANKS FOR SAVIN' MY LIFE, SUNSET.. HE HAO IT IN FOR ME ALRIGHT!

FORGET IT, KID.. HE'D POISON A RATTLESNAKE WITH HIS NATURE -GOOD RIDDANCE, I'O SAY!!



I'VE GOT TO RIDE INTO TOWN.. THE TOWNSFOLK ARE HOLOING A MEETING, AND AS HEAD OF THE COMMITTEE, I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT SHOULO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE NEW SCHOOLHOUSE.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KID? I HEARO MURDOCK ROUSING THE MEN AGAINST YOU, THEN THERE WAS A SHOT A MINUTE AGO!!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS NOW, KID..



SUNSET SURE IS A RIGHT GUY... I CAN'T PICTURE HIM AS MY FATHER'S MUROERER...



LATER - AT THE TOWN MEETING

SUNSET, WE'RE ALL SDD ON YOUR PRIZEFIGHT PROPOSAL FOR RAISING THE NEEDED SCHOOLHOUSE FUNDS... SENDING FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL EASTERN FIGHTER FOR THE BOUT WILL MEAN A BOXOFFICE SELLOUT!

WHO'S GOING TO FIGHT HIM, SUNSET?

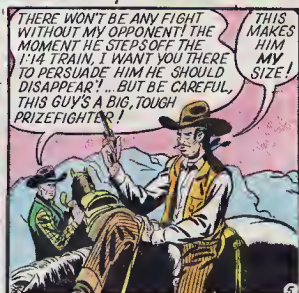
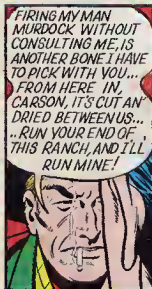
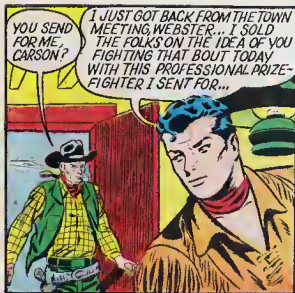


I HAVE JUST THE MAN... SAM WEBSTER, MY RANCH PARTNER.. GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU FOLKS HOW HE IS WITH THE FISTS.. THE SHERIFF'S TAKEN HIM IN ENOUGH TIMES FOR SPATS HE'S HAO IN TOWN HERE!

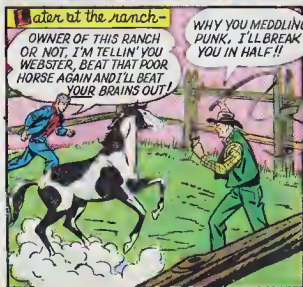
SUNSET IS RIGHT, FOLKS. WEBSTER WAS BORN FOR A FIGHT ALRIGHT. MAYBE HE CAN DO US SOME GOOD WITH IT THIS TIME !!



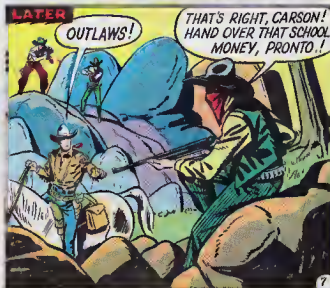
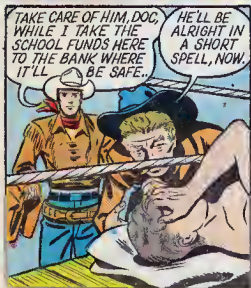
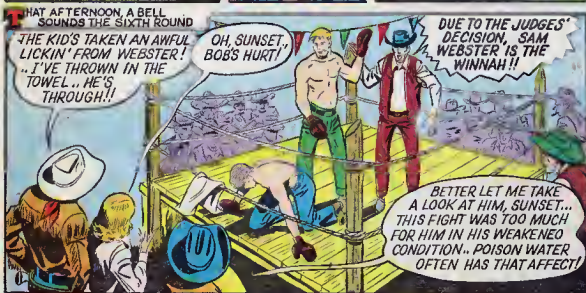
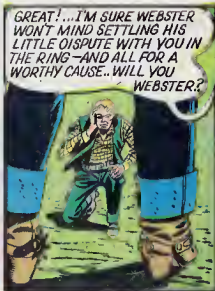
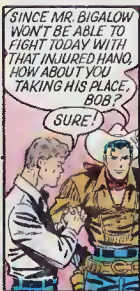
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



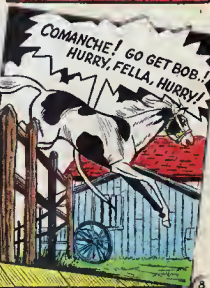
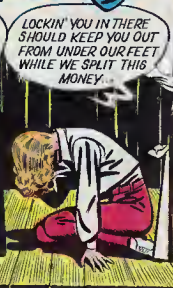
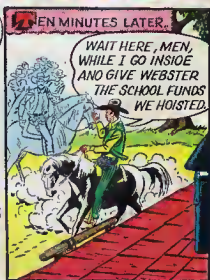
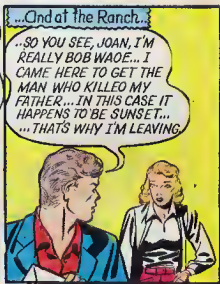
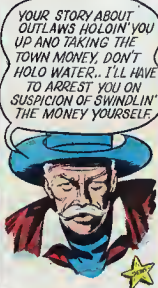
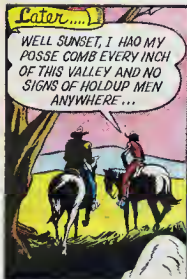


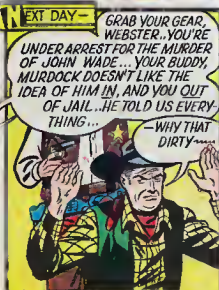
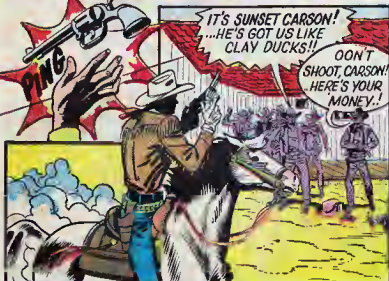
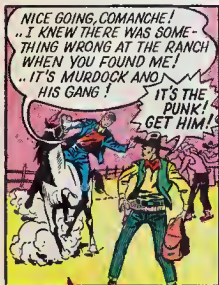


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS











# RANGE TALK

## BRONCO

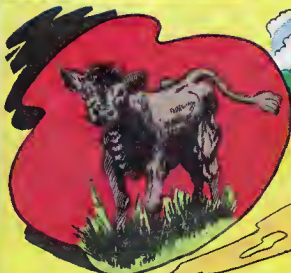
(IS A WILD HORSE)

THE WORD "BRONCO" IN SPANISH MEANS "BAD". ON THE EARLY DAY RANCHES, THE ONLY WAY FOR A COWBOY TO HAVE ENOUGH HORSES TO ROUND UP HIS CATTLE WAS TO CAPTURE WILD ONES AND BREAK THEM TO SADDLE. NOW THIS IS MAINLY A RODEO EVENT, WITH THE BEST RIDERS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY TO COMPETE IN.



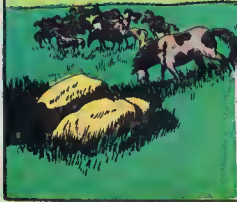
## DOGIE

(PRONOUNCED DOUGH-GY)  
A DOGIE IS A MOTHERLESS CALF, WHO HAS TO BE NURSED BY HAND OR RAISED BY ANOTHER COW.



## WRANGLER

THE WRANGLER IS THE ONE WHO TAKES CARE OF THE HORSES DURING A ROUND UP. THIS JOB ISN'T AN EXCITING ONE FOR A COWBOY, BUT A VERY IMPORTANT ONE. HE MUST SEE THAT THE HORSES DON'T STRAY OR STAMPEDE!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

ANOTHER M/K STUDIOS FEATURE

# Sunset CARSON

AND THE **BLACK BANDIT**

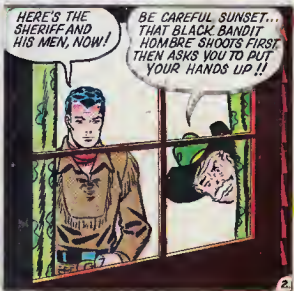
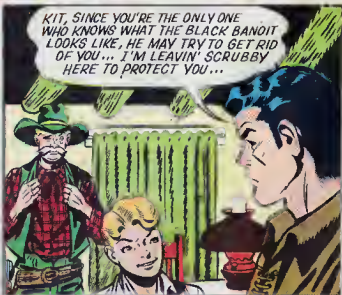
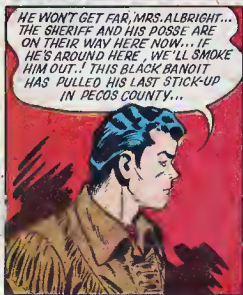
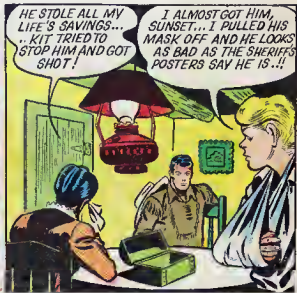


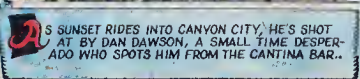
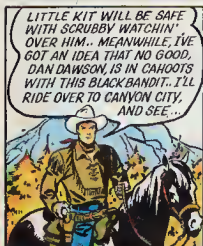
DEAN L. KATZ  
PUBLISHED BY

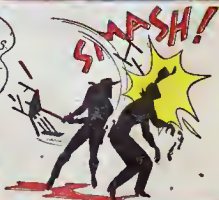
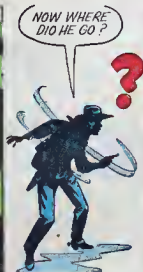


**P**ECOS COUNTY IS BEING TERRORIZED  
BY AN UNKNOWN MASKED BANDIT,  
WHO STOPS AT NOTHING SHORT OF  
MURDER ...  
BUT ROBBING WIDOW ALBRIGHT  
PROVES TO BE HIS SURE DOWNFALL...

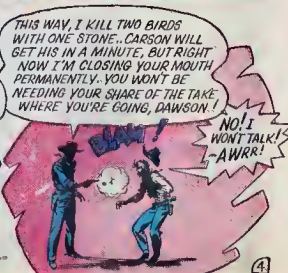
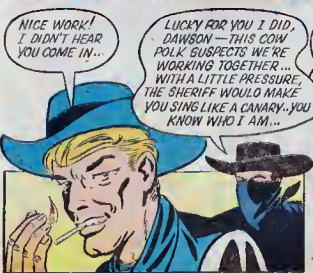








UNKNOWN TO SUNSET, THE BLACK BANDIT SNEAKS UP BEHIND AND HITS HIM WITH A CHAIR...





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



NOW, CARSON, YOU WILL LEARN NOT TO CROSS THE BLACK BANOIT'S PATH...

GO AHEAD AND SHOOT, YOU YELLOW POLECAT.. I'M TIEO HAND AND FOOT...

SHOOTING IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU, CARSON.. I THINK I'LL ROAST YOU LIKE A MARSHMALLOW... TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY AND WATCH YOUR SPARKS, BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE FRIEND KIT, WITH THE BIG MOUTH!



THE BANDIT THROWS A KEROSENE LAMP TO THE FLOOR AND THE ROOM BLAZES SWIFTLY..



NICE WORK, CACTUS, OLD BOY... YOU'VE EARNED A BUSHEL OF APPLES FOR THIS!

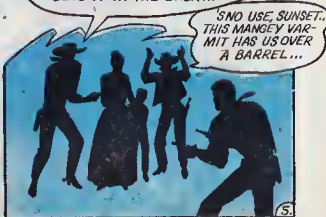
SUNSET'S WHISTLE BRINGS HIS FAITHFUL HORSE TO THE RESCUE!

I'VE GOT TO RIDE HARD, IF I WANT TO SAVE LITTLE KIT FROM THAT BLACK BANDIT...

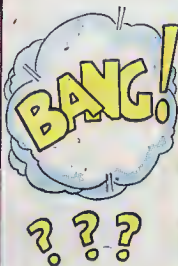


CARSON! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT OUT OF MY HOUSE WARMIN' PARTY, BUT YOU'D BETTER DROP THE GUNS, OR THE OLD WIDOW HERE GETS IT IN THE BACK..!!

..IT'S THE BLACK BANDIT! -HE'S GOING IN THE WIDOW ALBRIGHT'S PLACE AFTER KIT.. BUT NOT IF I CAN STOP HIM!!



'SNO USE, SUNSET.. THIS MANGEY VAR-MIT HAS US OVER A BARREL...



# The Saga of Two-Gun Garry

Henry Wells was a big and quiet man. Of spare and slender build, he was broad shouldered with long arms and big hands that hung almost to his knees. His hair and short beard were the deepest black that had ever been seen in Pecos Valley. He hit the top of the table with the palm of his hand and the noise was sufficient to tell all present he was ready to get down to business. "Before we begin this regular meeting," he said to the ranchers present, "I want you to let me know by a show of hands if you all agree that proposed Ordinance 18 shall be a part of our laws." Some forty hands were immediately raised. Henry Wells quietly counted the show of hands, then spotting an old friend in the third row of the meeting hall announced, "Look here, Bill, you need only raise one hand to show you want this new law. Looks like every one present agrees we need it." A devilish smile played around his lips as he finished the last words.

"Now we come to the main reason for calling you folks here. I guess you have all heard about "Two Gun Garry" the terror of many a peaceful town. They say he's headed our way looking for trouble. And that looks bad for us and our women folks. We have all heard what he did at El Paso, Fort Davis and Presidio. Some say across the border, he shot up Juárez. You all had a chance to examine the news clippings about this bad hombre. We have a chance to hire as a special deputy a man who can outshoot "Two Gun Garry." He says if we pay him \$1,000 he will guarantee to handle this desperado when he hits town. I want you to hear the proposition of Ed Harper."

A red headed, brown eyed man, weighing about two hundred pounds and who looked as though he could lick his weight in wildcats, arose from a chair in the first row. Everyone noticed the heavy, buckled bullet-studded belt

that carried the six-shooter on his hips. His boots were highly polished and showed hand fancy work around the edges. He stood next to Henry Wells and then began to speak. "The West is growing and people back East can't say we aren't civilized. In another year or two the railroad will reach this happy community. Unfortunately we still have with us a type of bad man who thinks he is living in the West of yesterday. They like to live on their reputations and put fear into the hearts of honest decent people. This job means a lot to me. You see "Two Gun Garry" killed my best pal. I want to rid the West of this terrible killer. All you have to do is to appoint me deputy sheriff, pay me \$1,000 only if I handle this man satisfactorily. Can you ask for anything better?"

A short man with a long white beard, looking like a Patriarch arose from his seat. "Ed Harper," he began, "my name is Jeff Parsons. I settled in this valley some forty years ago. Believe me, I know what bad hombres are. Now if you are going to uphold the law here for a spell, we would all like to have you show us some shooting. Fast on the draw and true with the shot."

Ed Harper found it hard to resist a low chuckle. The fools were playing right into his hands. So they wanted a demonstration of his shooting? They were going to see something they would remember for years. He walked to the side of the room. "I don't want to damage this meeting hall of yours, so I am going to open a window half way." Facing the people in the room, he stretched his right hand backwards and lifted the window up a few inches. From his pocket he took a silver dollar which he held in his left hand. He moved away, about two feet from the window, still facing the people in the room. "Watch this!" he shouted as he tossed the silver dollar up into the air



## COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

over his head. It hit the ceiling and as it came down, his right hand went for his .44 Colt. He hardly turned his head around, fired one shot, and the bent and broken pieces of the dollar were scattered on the floor. There were gasps of amazement at this bit of wonderful shooting. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believe it," said Joe Eagar of the Bar-H Ranch. "That fellow can take care of himself! He's hired, our new deputy sheriff. Any objection, folks?"

A very plump bald headed man, with a good homely honest face, and reddened cheeks arose from his seat. On his shirt was the badge of Sheriff. Wash Slade had something to say. "I've been sheriff around here for nigh on to twenty years. You can't say I haven't kept order. My brother-in-law Henry Wells likes to run everything, including this town. I admit his sister Sally has been a good wife to me and can cook biscuits better than any other woman in the valley. Why hire this outsider? When "Two Gun Garry" hits our town, my jail can hold him."

Henry Wells laughed out loud, long and hearty. "No hard feelings, Wash. You still are sheriff. The new man is going to take orders from you. He is only hired as a temporary deputy. Soon as he has finished his work and collected his money, he leaves town. Hope Sally has enough of those biscuits made. Because after this meeting we are going to stop over at your place and eat you out of every bit of food in the house."

A week later, a man on a chestnut stallion stopped in front of the "Big Drink Cafe." He dismounted from his horse and tied the reins to the hitching post. From his hips swung two holsters each filled with a pearl-handled six-shooter. No need to ask who he was. A narrow high forehead, a long thin nose rather fleshy at the tip, a projecting upper lip, and a long chin helped to heighten the crafty expression on his face. "Two Gun Garry" had come to town. With slow and deliberate steps he entered the cafe. He went up to the bar. "Drinks are on me" he announced. Not a person moved. "When I say the drinks are on me, no one can refuse me and stay healthy." Both his hands touched the gun butts as he finished.

From a nearby table Ed Harper arose, followed by Sheriff Wash Slade. Ed Harper walked across the room until he was facing the desperado. His words were cool and came slowly from his mouth. "If folks in this place want to drink, that's their business. If they don't want to, no one is going to make them." There was tension in the air. "Take your hands off your

guns, unless you want to stop lead," ordered the deputy sheriff. "Try and make me" was the snappy reply. "Two Gun Garry" did get his guns half way out of the holsters but Ed Harper beat him to the draw. He fired twice and red blotches of blood appeared on the right and left forearms of the desperado. He relaxed the grips on his guns and his hands swung at his side. "Now get going, while you have a chance" ordered the Deputy Sheriff. "If I find you are around during the next hour, I'll clamp you in jail. You can fix up those wounds yourself."

They paid Ed Harper his thousand dollars. "You haven't any idea what you have done for this community," thanked Henry Wells. "For years to come, folks are going to talk about this event. Even the little children will learn about it in school."

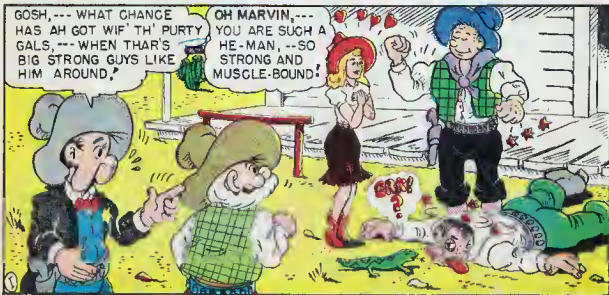
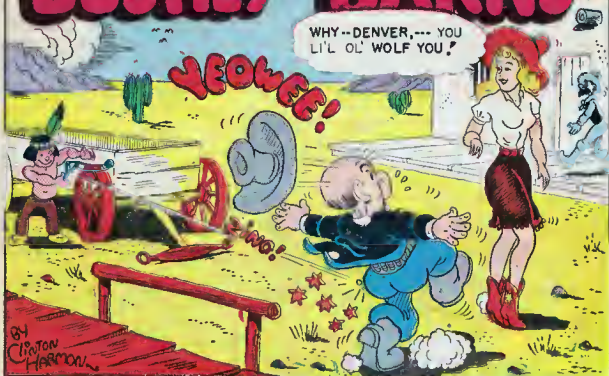
That evening "Two Gun Garry" and Ed Harper sat around a fire, heating coffee and broiling some strips of bacon in a pan. "We got about ten thousand dollars in our saddle bags," said Ed Harper. "We better quit now before these fools compare stories and get wise to our little game."

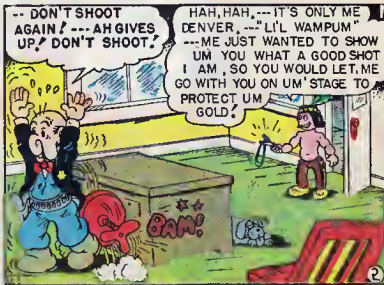
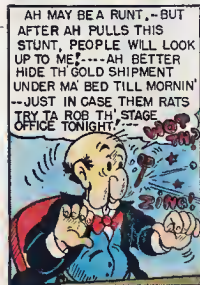
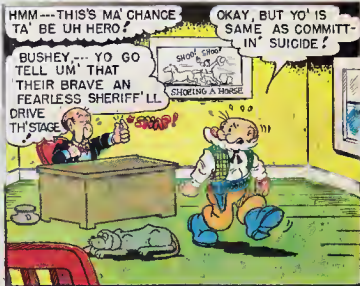
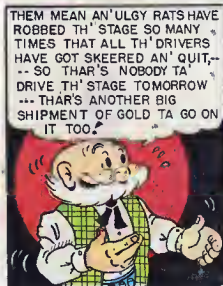
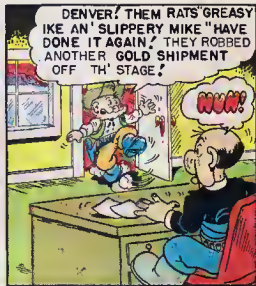
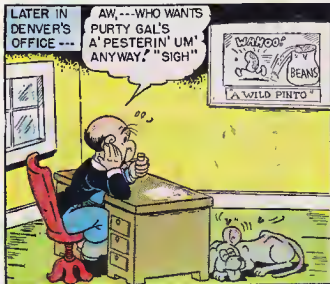
"Very good advice", commented Sheriff Wash Slade with a .45 in his right hand, appearing from nowhere in the shadows. He was followed by his brother-in-law and four other armed men. "Is this a hold-up?" demanded Ed Harper. "Could be, could be, at that", answered Henry Wells. "We are going to relieve you of this hard-earned money you got by swindling various peaceful towns. You better explain things to them, Wash."

The sheriff seemed to be a man of action. "We were wise to your game from the start. The news clippings you showed us were printed only on one side. You opened a window but forgot the outside shutter. Not a bullet hole through it. Quite clever to use blanks in your gun, throw a sawed through silver dollar into the air. When it hit the ground, it just separated. But "Two Gun Garry" had little bags of cow blood underneath his sleeves when you shot your gun. Guess he had blanks in one, real bullets in the other for an emergency. We got thinking long before you hit the town. Ordinance 18 provides if anyone tries to swindle the law here, he must pay damages of ten times the amount. Means we collect ten thousand dollars from you. The other towns said we could keep it all if we deliver you to them. We are going to build a school house with that money. Get moving, we got a nice cozy jail for you swindlers."

Harold Gluck

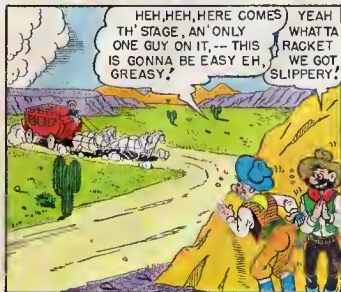
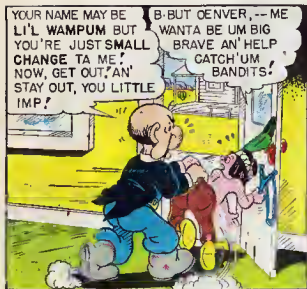
# DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNS



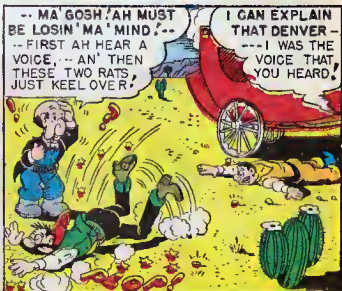
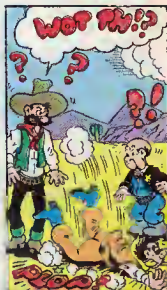




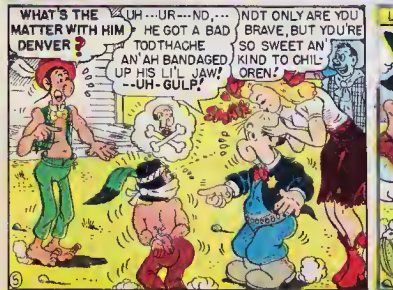
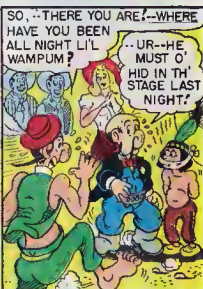
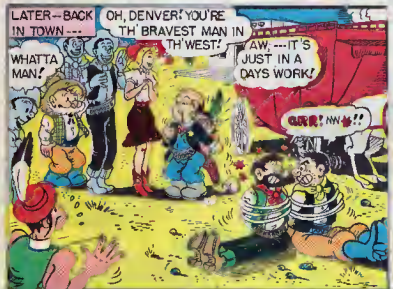
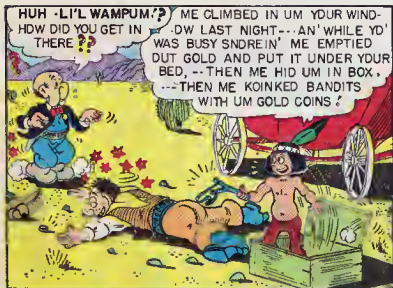
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



THE END



# SILENT TALK



## INDIAN LORE

THE SILENT TALK OR SIGN LANGUAGE GOT ITS FIRST GENERAL CIRCULATION ABOUT 1800. IT WAS USED BY MORE THAN 1000 INDIAN LANGUAGE GROUPS AT THAT TIME, TODAY IT IS SLOWLY DYING OUT AND IS KEPT ALIVE ONLY BY A FEW OLD INDIANS WHO TRY TO PRESERVE TRIBAL TRADITIONS IN A WORLD OF MANY SOUNDS.

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE AS WE HAVE MENTIONED BEFORE IS A DYING ART. WHEN IT IS EXECUTED BY AN EXPERT THE MOVEMENTS ARE QUICK AND GRACEFUL AND WONDERFUL TO WATCH. ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE SOME OF THE MOVEMENTS AND MEANING.



### -DEEP-

HOLD THE LEFT HAND FLAT, CHIN HIGH, FINGERS POINTING TO RIGHT; DROP RIGHT HAND TO FULL-LENGTH DOWN, PALM UP; UNDER LEFT HAND.



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**DEAF-** PRESS THE PALM OF THE RIGHT HAND SLIGHTLY AGAINST THE RIGHT EAR, THEN MOVE THE HAND IN A SMALL CIRCLE PARALLEL TO AND CLOSE TO THE EAR



**BIRD-** WITH THE FLAT OF THE HANDS AT THE SHOULDERS, PALMS DOWN, IMITATE THE FLAPPING OF WINGS. SPEED OR SLOW UP MOTIONS FOR DIFFERENT TYPE BIRDS.



**DUCK-** MAKE SIGN OF BIRD AND THEN MAKE THE BROAD BILL WITH HAND HELD UNDER NOSE, POINTING FORWARD; THEN CLOSE WITH THUMB AND SECOND FINGERS.



**HERE-** SWING THE RIGHT HAND UP, POINTING UP; THEN FORWARD AND DOWN; THEN STAB TOWARD EARTH SEVERAL TIMES.



**WOLF-** HOLD THE RIGHT HAND, PALM FORWARD, NEAR THE RIGHT SHOULDER, POINTING UPWARD; FINGERS FORMING "V" SHAPE, THEN MOVE HAND A LITTLE FORWARD AND UP







# LEGENDS OF

# PAUL BUNYAN

GRANDPA, TELL ME  
A BED TIME STORY, ....  
ONE ABOUT PAUL BUNYAN  
PLEASE!

WAL, LET ME SEE NOW,  
HMM!.... OH YES!



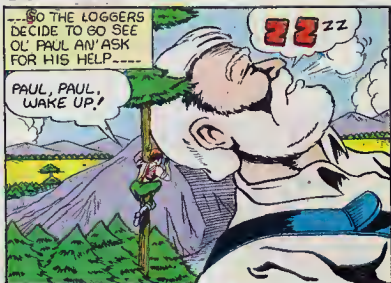
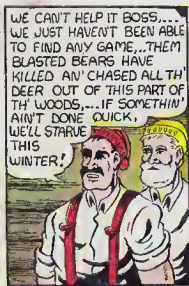
...WELL, THIS STORY  
STARTS IN ONE OF TH'  
BIG LUMBER CAMPS, ....IT  
WAS JUST A SHORT  
TIME TILL THE COLD  
WINTERY BLAST WOULD  
GRIP TH' NORTH WOODS...



...NOW EVERY WINTER  
THE LOGGERS ALWAYS  
KILLED AND CURED  
ENOUGH GAME, SO  
THEY WOULD HAVE  
MEAT TO LAST ALL  
WINTER, ...BUT THIS  
YEAR....

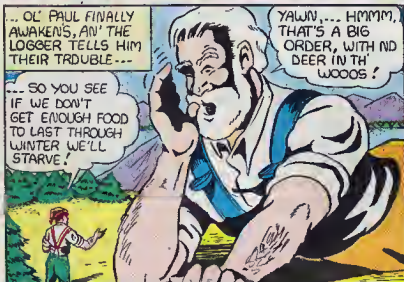


HOW COME, ALL OUR STORE  
ROOMS ARE EMPTY? HAVEN'T  
YOU MEN EVEN STARTED TO  
HUNT GAME?



... OL' PAUL FINALLY AWAKENS, AN' THE LOGGER TELLS HIM THEIR TROUBLE ---

--- SO YOU SEE IF WE DON'T GET ENOUGH FOOD TO LAST THROUGH WINTER WE'LL STARVE!



BUT, BEFORE LONG OL' PAUL HAD A PLAN, --- FIRST OF ALL HE WOVE A GIANT FISH NET ---



--- THEN OL' PAUL AN' HIS BIG BLUE OX BABE STARTED OUT FOR THE SEA SHORE ---

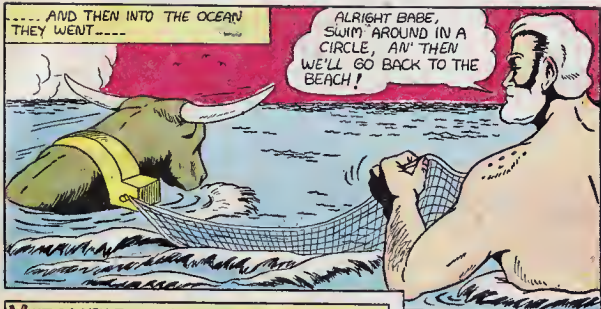


--- AN' WITH THAT OL' PAUL FASTENED ONE END OF THE BIG NET TO BABE'S YOKE ---



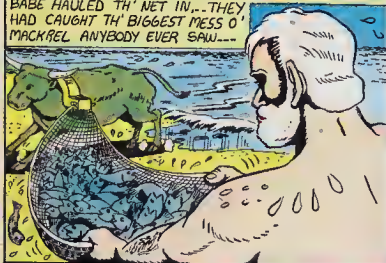
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

.... AND THEN INTO THE OCEAN  
THEY WENT ----



ALRIGHT BABE,  
SWIM AROUND IN A  
CIRCLE, AN' THEN  
WE'LL GO BACK TO THE  
BEACH!

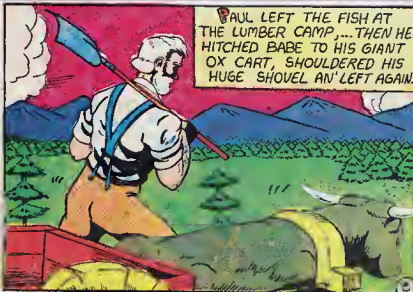
WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED WHEN OL' PAUL AN'  
BABE HAULED TH' NET IN,..THEY  
HAD CAUGHT TH' BIGGEST MESS O'  
MACKREL ANYBODY EVER SAW---



HMM,.. NOW I HAVE ONE  
MORE PROBLEM,.. HOW TO  
PRESERVE THE FISH SO THEY  
CAN BE STORED AWAY FOR  
WINTER!



PAUL LEFT THE FISH AT  
THE LUMBER CAMP,.. THEN HE  
HITCHED BABE TO HIS GIANT  
OX CART, SHOULDERED HIS  
HUGE SHOVEL AN' LEFT AGAIN.

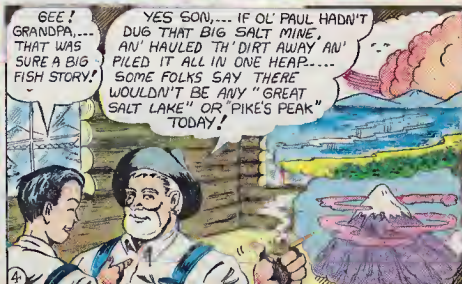
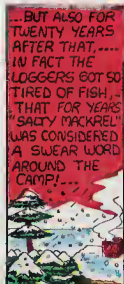
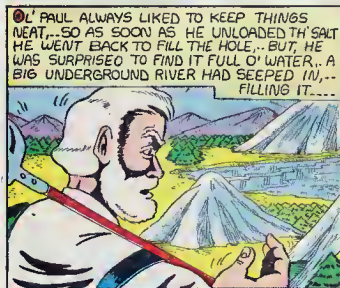
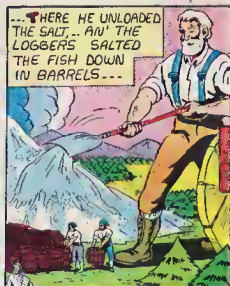
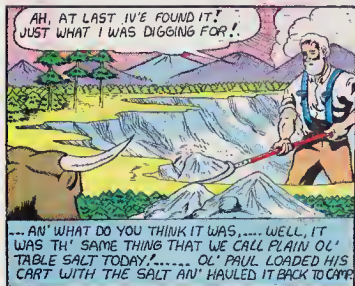


HE HUNTED TILL HE  
FOUND A SPOT THAT  
SUITED HIM,.. THEN  
HE STARTED DIGGING  
A BIG HOLE-----





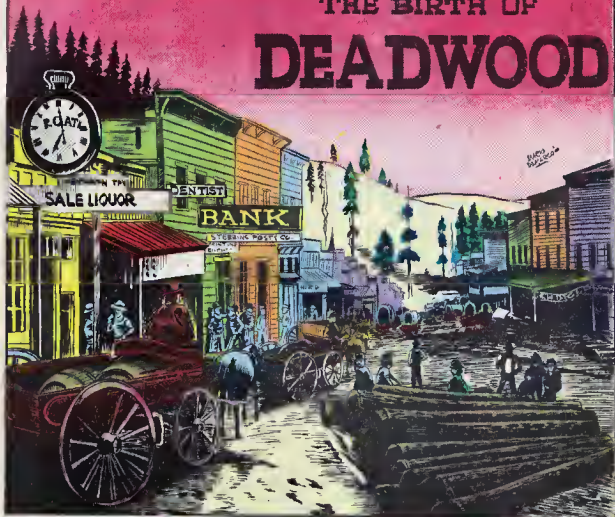
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

PRESENTS

## THE BIRTH OF DEADWOOD



IT WAS THE YEAR 1875- AN OLD PROSPECTOR BY THE NAME OF JAMES PEARSON WANDERED INTO A RAVINE IN THE NORTH HILLS AND DISCOVERED GOLD IN ITS SANDY BOTTOM.



WHOAAA- JENNY!! DANG YORE HIDE, HOLD STILL FER A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT A GLITTERIN' IN THE WATER? --I HOPE IT'S WHAT I'M A THINKIN' IT IS!!



HIS DISCOVERY WAS LOCATED DEEP IN INDIAN TERRITORY CLOSED TO THE WHITE MAN BY TREATY, BUT SOON THOUSANDS OF GOLD MINERS WERE STAKING CLAIMS ALL AROUND HIM.

LOOK MY BROTHER! THE WHITE MAN HAS BROKEN HIS WORD AGAIN, ALREADY SCORES OF THEM APPROACH!!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

IN A SINGLE YEAR,  
FROM 1875 TO 1876  
THE TOWN OF DEAD-  
WOOD HAD GROWN TO  
A CITY, WITH A POP-  
ULATION WELL OVER  
25,000



BESIDES THE MULTITUDE OF  
GOLD-MAD MINERS, DEADWOOD  
ATTRACTED EVERY GUNMAN AND  
GAMBLER WHO WERE OUT FOR  
AN EASY DOLLAR.



SUCH RENOWNED NAMES OF  
J.B. "WILD BILL" HICKOK, AND  
THAT LADY OF THE PLAINS---



"CALAMITY JANE, DEADWOOD  
CLAIMED THEM -- ITS OWN



THE DEATH OF "WILD BILL" WHO  
WAS SHOT BY JACK MCALL  
GAVE DEADWOOD ITS GREATEST  
LEGENT. HE WAS BURIED AT  
THE LOCAL BOOT HILL



A FICTIONAL DIME-  
NOVEL HERO, "DEAD-  
WOOD DICK" WAS  
CREATED BY AN  
EASTERN NOVEL-  
IST. HIS DEEDS WERE  
KNOWN BY PEOPLE,  
YOUNG AND OLD, ALL  
OVER THE COUNTRY.

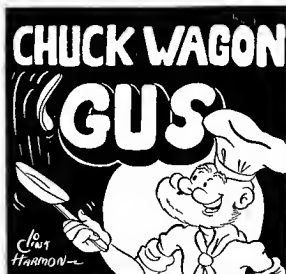
--DEADWOOD DICK, REALIZING  
HE HAD BEEN TRICKED BY THE  
GANG, SUDDENLY WHIPPED OUT  
HIS TWIN 45S AND BLASTED  
BOTH OIL LAMPS THAT HUNG HIGH  
ON THE CEILING. HE THEN  
DASHED OUT THE DOOR  
AND....



TODAY DEADWOOD IS A QUIET  
TOWN OF ABOUT 4,000 PEOPLE.  
IT IS ONE OF THE FEW TOWNS  
IN HISTORY THAT HAS REMAINED  
PRESERVED. GOLD IS STILL MINED,  
BUT THE THRILL OF DISCOVERING  
NEW RICHES IS GONE. YET IT  
STILL HAS MEMORIES OF ITS  
GLORIOUS PAST THAT WILL NEVER  
BE FORGOTTEN!







# KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

MOROCOCCUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS  
ALBUS

PITYROSPORUM  
OVALI

MICROSACCILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing  
known to Science can do more to

## SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't let them kill your hair growth.

### ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! Ward Laboratories, Inc., 1430 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

### TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money



**Proof!**

We get letters like these from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. G., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the irritating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

### Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

SEAL

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ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Ward Laboratories, Inc.,  
1430 Broadway, Dept. 34 New York 18, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Some refund offers hold, of course.

APO, FPO, Cinnola & Foreign add 50¢; no CODs.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

# COWBOY WESTERN

27

APRIL 1950

COVER - Photo: SUNSET CARSON

IFC - Photo: SC

SUNSET CARSON RIDES AGAIN FRAN MATERA\* / CHAD 9

RANGE TALK Sherman ? KELLY\* 1

SC - & The BLACK BANDIT MATERA\* & KELLY\* 6

The SAGA of Two-Gun GARRY TEXT 2

DENVER MUDD & BUSHY BARNS HARMON\* 5

SILENT TALK DEMARCO\* 3

LEGENDS of PAUL BUNYAN HARMON\* 4

The Birth of DEADWOOD DEMARCO\* 2

CRUCK WAGON GUS HARMON\* 1